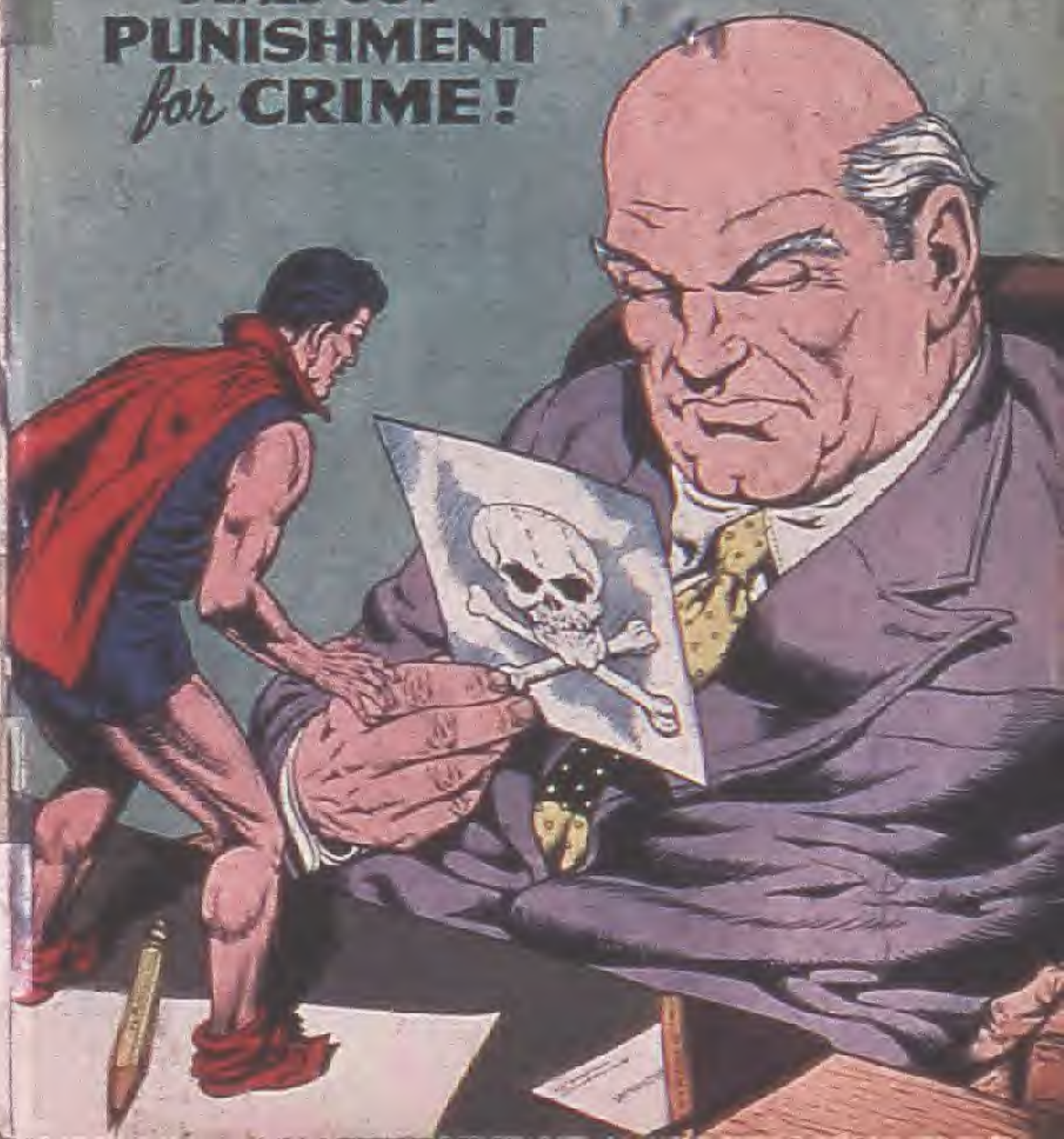


# DOLL MAN

JULY No.17

10¢

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*for* **CRIME!**





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DOLL MAN

# THE DOLL man



They called him **SILVER DOLLAR**, and that was the token that symbolized his life of crime! Men heard the jingling of his dread coins and died violent deaths! Yes, it seemed that here was a good-luck charm that would always protect **SILVER DOLLAR** from harm! Until **THE DOLL MAN**, mighty mite of crime-busting, cashed in **SILVER DOLLARS** luck and proved that justice can't be short-changed!



A familiar scene is enacted at the state prison....



YOU'RE FREE NOW! HERE'S TEN DOLLARS TO HELP YOU GET A FRESH START! TAKE MY ADVICE, GO STRAIGHT!

THANKS FOR THE ADVICE, WARDEN!



-- BUT I DON'T NEED YOUR TEN SPOTS! I'VE GOT MY SILVER DOLLAR TO KEEP ME COMPANY! JUST ONE SOLITARY SILVER DOLLAR! I'LL RUN IT UP INTO A MILLION --- MARK MY WORDS!



SO LONG, WARDEN! I WON'T BE SEEING YOU!

I WISH I WERE SURE OF THAT!



I MADE A SUCKER PLAY ONCE! AND I PAID FOR IT --- WITH TEN YEARS! NOBODY'LL EVER CATCH SILVER DOLLAR OFF BASE AGAIN!



Later...

HELLO, BOYS! IT'S ME --- SILVER DOLLAR! I'M BACK!

WE FORGOT TO HANG OUT THE FLAGS! ISN'T THAT TOO BAD?



NONE OF YOUR SMART TALK! MAYBE YOU FORGOT WHO'S BOSS AROUND HERE!

M-MAYBE I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE! GRINGO'S WAITIN' TO SEE YA IN THE BACK ROOM!



HELLO, GRINGO! I HEAR YOU'VE TAKEN OVER FOR ME WHILE I'VE BEEN GONE!

THINGS HAVE CHANGED SILVER DOLLAR! I'VE TAKEN OVER --- PERMANENTLY!



YOU'RE WASHED UP!  
FOR OLD TIMES SAKE,  
I'LL GET YOU A PENNY-  
ANTE JOB IN THE  
RACKETS! BUT  
YOU'LL BE WORKING  
FOR ME!

I NEVER  
DID TRUST  
YOU, GRINGO!  
EVER SEE  
HE SHOOT  
ROLES IN  
A SILVER  
DOLLAR?

I TOSS IT UP IN  
THE AIR LIKE  
THAT! THEN I  
REACH FOR  
MY GUN!

I NEVER MISS,  
GRINGO!... EXCEPT  
ON PURPOSE!

AGAH!

CLINK!

WHAT'S  
GOING  
ON  
HERE?

HE  
GUNNED  
GRINGO!

I'M CHIPPING  
IN FOR HIS  
FUNERAL...  
ONE SILVER  
DOLLAR! AND  
I'LL DO THE  
SAME FOR THE  
NEXT GUY WHO  
THINKS I'M  
NOT THE BOSS!  
GET HIM?

Silver Dollar came back, and he rode a  
bloody trail of crime to the tune of  
blasting guns and jingling silver  
dollars...

Until  
one day...

THIS GUY'S AND HIS  
LAST MORNING!  
SOMEBODY'S  
GOING TO START  
COLLECTING ON  
HIS LIFE  
INSURANCE!

HAS HE  
BEEN WRITING  
ABOUT YOU IN  
THAT NEWS-  
PAPER  
AGAIN?

HE'S WRITING HIS OWN  
DEATH NOTICE! TRYING  
TO STIR UP TROUBLE,  
THAT'S WHAT HE'S  
DOING! WELL,  
HE'LL GET A BELLY-  
FUL OF LEAD!

IF THAT'S THE WAY  
YOU WANT IT, THAT'S  
THE WAY IT'LL BE!



Meanwhile, in the offices of the Daily Bulletin...

I'VE BEEN READING YOUR LATEST EDITORIAL, VINCE! YOU DON'T PULL ANY PUNCHES!

I CAN'T PLAY PATTY-CAKE WITH MEN LIKE SILVER DOLLAR! THE PUBLIC HAS TO BE AROUSED TO THE DANGER!

ARE YOU AROUSED TO YOUR OWN DANGER? SILVER DOLLAR HAS GIVEN YOU ENOUGH WARNINGS TO LAY OFF....

HE'S BLUFFING! HE WOULDN'T DARE TRY ANYTHING!

I'M NOT SO SURE! VINCE NEEDS PROTECTION! HE WON'T LET THE POLICE DO IT, BUT MAYBE I CAN PERSUADE THE DOLL MAN...

Later, in Darrel Dane's apartment...

DO YOU THINK SILVER DOLLAR IS REALLY IN EARNEST, EH, MARTHA? I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU WERE RIGHT!

Moments later, Darrel Dane compresses the molecules of his body to become the dynamic DOLL MAN!

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO TANGLE WITH SILVER DOLLAR! THIS MAY BE IT!

FROM NOW ON THE BULLETIN'S EDITORIAL WRITER IS GOING TO HAVE A PERSONAL BODY-GUARD! AND HE WON'T EVEN KNOW IT!

For the next several days, wherever a certain person traveled, the DOLL MAN was no further away than... than, well, his sleeve, for example...

THIS IS MORE COMFORTABLE THAN THE UMBRELLA HE CARRIED ME AROUND IN YESTERDAY!









A broken rusty coil of bedspring saves The Doll Man from serious injury.

SOMETIMES I'M GRATEFUL FOR BEING SMALL! ANYTHING IS LIKELY TO TAKE THE PLACE OF A LIFE NET!



I SAVED VINCE'S LIFE, BUT HIS WOULD-BE KILLERS GOT AWAY! I RECOGNIZED SLICK NICK! HE'S ONE OF SILVER DOLLAR'S WREED TORPEDOES!



Later, Darrel Dane visits the District Attorney's office...

ARE YOU CERTAIN THAT YOU CAN IDENTIFY SLICK NICK AS ONE OF THE MEN?

I'M POSITIVE!



THAT'S ALL I NEED TO SLAP AN ARREST ON HIM! I HOPE YOUR IDENTIFICATION STANDS UP IN COURT, MR. DANE!

IT WELL! SILVER DOLLAR CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME!





















That night, on a deserted street—









DOLL MAN

# The DOLL MAN



**S**he called herself **THE HUNTRESS**—and the game she hunted was **MAN**! Until one day **THE HUNTRESS** decided to trap the **DOLL MAN**, and that was the beginning of a grim and merciless hunt to the death!



Swift as a flash of light,  
an arrow strikes with  
deadly accuracy—



BRavo, Diane!  
Another  
BULL'S-EYE!

OF COURSE!  
I NEVER  
MISS!



THAT'S WHY I GAVE UP  
HUNTING! I ALWAYS  
MADE THE KILL! EVEN  
WHEN I HANDICAPPED  
MYSELF BY GIVING UP  
GUNS IN FAVOR OF THE  
BOW AND ARROW!

YOU'RE A  
REMARKABLE  
WOMAN,  
DIANE!  
IN MANY  
WAYS!



JUST THINK!  
IN ANOTHER  
WEEK WE'LL  
BE MARRIED!

I WANTED  
TO TALK  
TO YOU  
ABOUT  
THAT!



I'M NOT THE  
MARRYING TYPE,  
DIANE! I ADMIRE  
YOU VERY MUCH,  
BUT I DON'T THINK  
I'D WANT YOU FOR  
MY WIFE!

YOU'RE  
JOKING!



I NEVER JEST ABOUT AFFAIRS  
OF THE HEART! IT'S OVER,  
DIANE, AND WE MIGHT AS WELL  
FACE IT! I DON'T LOVE YOU  
ANY MORE!

THERE'S  
SOMEONE  
ELSE?



AS A MATTER OF FACT, THERE  
IS! BUT THAT'S NO CONCERN  
OF YOURS ANY LONGER!  
IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING  
YOU, DIANE!

YOU—  
YOU  
CAN'T  
LEAVE ME  
LIKE THIS!



# DOLL MAN



I WON'T LET YOU LEAVE ME!

I'VE ALWAYS DISLIKED DRAMATICS. TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!



YOU HEARD ME, DAME?

OOORH!



HE STRUCK ME! NO MAN EVER DID THAT BEFORE! HE'LL REGRET IT...



I'VE KILLED ANIMALS THAT DID ME NO HARM! WHY NOT CARRY THE KENT TO ITS LOGICAL CONCLUSION... AND DESTROY MAN?

Next morning, the managing editor's office of the Daily Bulletin....



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BARGING INTO MY OFFICE LIKE THIS?

I WANT TO TALK TO YOU, BARROWS. AND IT'S NOT ABOUT BUSINESS!



MY NAME'S BARROW. SHE'S THE MARTHA ROBERTS GIRL. DON'T YOU SEE THE ATTENTION YOU'VE BEEN GIVING HER LATELY?

WOSED? AND SHE'S NO MORE INTERESTING TO ME THAN YOU!



I KNOW YOUR REPUTATION WITH WOMEN, BARROWS! I'M WARNING YOU!

AN WARNING? IT CAN'T BEAR...





By an instant effort of will, Darrel Dane compresses the molecules of his body to become the dynamic DOLL MAN!



THEY WERE  
AIMED WITH  
MUCH TOO  
DEADLY  
EFFECT!







WELL, SO AM I!



SHE'S GOT A HEAD START! WHAT I NEED IS A SHORT CUT---



AND THIS IS THE NEAREST ONE!



HELLO THERE, BEAUTIFUL!

THE DOLL MAN!



THIS WILL HOLD YOU, DOLL MAN! AND SO FARE - WELL --- FROM THE HUNTRESS!



SHE SHOT AN ARROW INTO THE AIR --- AND IT LANDED! I DO KNOW WHERE!



THE HUNTRESS IS GONE! THAT BLASTED ARROW FINED ME DOWN LONG ENOUGH FOR HER TO ESCAPE!



LATER--

YOU ASKED TO SEE ME, MARTHA? SAID IT WAS URGENT!

GEORGE BARROWS, THE MANAGING EDITOR OF THE NEWSPAPER I WORK FOR, WAS MURDERED TODAY! SEVERAL WITNESSES GAVE A DESCRIPTION OF THE LAST MAN TO ENTER HIS OFFICE!

THAT DESCRIPTION FITS YOU PERFECTLY, DARREL!

YOU THINK I KILLED HIM?

NO, I DON'T! BUT IT'S NO SECRET THAT GEORGE BARROWS WAS PAYING ATTENTION TO ME! WHEN THE POLICE FIND THAT OUT, IT MAY NOT LOOK SO WELL FOR YOU!



I MET THE REAL KILLER... AND SHE ESCAPED! BUT I'VE A PLAN FOR MEETING HER AGAIN!

I HOPE IT WORKS-- BEFORE THE POLICE FIND OUT ABOUT YOU!

BUT THAT'S EXACTLY MY PLAN! I'M GOING TO LET THE POLICE FIND OUT ABOUT ME!



And soon--

THIS DANE FELLOW CLAIMS HE SAW THE REAL MURDERESS! HE SAYS THAT HE CAN IDENTIFY HER FOR THE POLICE--







SOONER OR LATER, DARREL DANE MIGHT BETRAY MY SECRET! BUT HE WON'T TALK, IF HE RECEIVES A VISIT FROM THE HUNTRESS!

I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING ANYONE, EXCEPT THE DOLL MAN! BUT THERE MAY HAVE BEEN ANOTHER PERSON PRESENT! IF SO, HE'S A DANGER TO ME!



YOUR STORY CHECKS WITH THE FACTS AS FAR AS WE KNOW THEM. MR. DANE! THERE'S NO REASON TO KEEP YOU HERE ANY LONGER!

I'LL BE AVAILABLE IN CASE YOU SHOULD EVER NEED ME AS A WITNESS!



HERE HE COMES! THE QUARRY I SEEK!



OOOHH!



STRAIGHT TO THE HEART! ONCE AGAIN, THE HUNTRESS HAS MADE HER KILL!





LUCKY I WORE THIS BULLETPROOF VEST! IT'S PROTECTION AGAINST ARROWS, TOO!



NO ONE'S NOTICED MY LITTLE ACCIDENT YET! EVEN THE HUNTRESS HAS LOST INTEREST IN HER POOR VICTIM! IT'S SAFE TO CHANGE TO THE DOLL MAN!



Seconds later—

THE HUNTRESS STRUCK MORE QUICKLY THAN I THOUGHT! NOW I'M STRIKING BACK!



THE DOLL MAN!

I ADMIT I GOT HERE PRETTY QUICKLY...



...BUT ONE HAS TO MOVE QUICKLY WITH YOU!



ELL FEEL A LOT SAFER WITH THIS OUT OF THE WAY!

ORRRR!



I DON'T NEED MY BOW TO PUT AN ARROW INTO YOU!

I WOULDN'T SAY THAT!





IT CERTAINLY IMPROVES YOUR AIM!

OH! MY ARTIST!



YOU'RE UNARMED, HUNTRESS! IT SEEMS THAT THIS IS THE END OF THE TRAIL!

SO IT DOES SEEM, DOLL MAN!



BUT APPEARANCES ARE DECEIVING!

SHE JUMPED!



SHE TOOK A LONG CHANCE, BUT IT WORKED! THE HUNTRESS IS ALMOST AS GOOD AT ESCAPING FROM TRAPS AS SHE IS AT SETTING THEM!



But an unexpected shock will await the HUNTRESS ----

DARREL DANE'S LIFE SAVED BY THE DOLL MAN! BUT THAT CAN'T BE! I SHOT THE ARROW STRAIGHT INTO HIS HEART---



YET PICTURES DON'T LIE! THERE'S DARREL DANE WITH HIS RANCEE! HUNTRESS! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!



IT'S ALWAYS DANGEROUS TO HUNT AN ANIMAL, ONCE HE IS AROUSED! DARREL DANE WILL BE ON GUARD AGAINST A FUTURE ATTACK! THE TIME MUST HAVE COME WHEN I SET THE TRAP I SET!

DARREL DANE SAVED BY THE DOLL MAN



# DOLL MAN

Last night, outside Martha Roberts' apartment...

THE LINE ON THIS ARROW IS STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD MY WEIGHT!

THERE SHE IS! WHAT LOVELY BAIT SHE WILL MAKE FOR THE TRAP!

A FEW DEEP BREATHS OF CHLOROFORM, AND SHE WILL MAKE NO FURTHER TROUBLE!

Next day...

MARTHA'S GONE! I FOUND THIS NOTE!

AAA! IT'S FROM THE HUNTRESS!

If you call the police, Martha dies! Come alone to 44 Sassoon Street, St. Daniel Dave I want, not this girl.  
The Huntress

SHE DOESN'T INTEND TO FREE MARTHA, WHATEVER HAPPENS!

OF COURSE NOT! SHE WANTS TO TO HERSELF OF ANYONE WHO MIGHT IDENTIFY HER LATER! BUT SHE'S FORGOTTEN ABOUT... THE DOLL MAN!

Listen, The Doll Man visits the house at 44 Sassoon Street...

AN INTERESTING DEVICE! ANYONE OPENING THE DOOR WOULD RELEASE THE WEIGHT! HE'D BE KILLED INSTANTLY!

I'LL JUST SEE HOW IT WORKS!

**CRASH**







# Torchy

...AND I KNOW  
THAT YOU ALL ARE  
INTERESTED IN  
SEEING JUSTICE  
DONE!

GOBBLT A NOTICE  
TO SERVE ON A  
JURY!

IMAGINE ME  
DECIDING THE  
RATE OF A MAN -  
OR MAYBE SEVERAL  
MEN? I MUST LOOK  
VERY JUDICIAL FOR  
THE OCCASION!



Meanwhile, in a gang hideout—

WE GOTTA DO SOMETHING  
TO SAVE THE BOSS FROM  
THIS RAP!

WE  
CERTAINLY  
GOTTA!

BUT WHAT ELSE CAN  
WE DO? WE'VE ALREADY  
KNOCKED OFF TWO D.A.'S—  
AND ALL THEY DID WAS  
APPOINT A THIRD D.A.?  
SUCH LACK OF  
CONSIDERATION!

YEAH! IF  
WE KNOCK  
OFF THE  
THIRD  
D.A. IT'LL  
GET  
HORRIFYING!

THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER  
WAY! WE GOTTA PUT  
PRESSURE ON THE JURY  
AND MAKE SURE THE  
BOSS IS ACQUITTED!

BUT YOU CAN'T GET  
AT THE JURY! THEY  
DON'T LET ANYBODY  
NEAR THOSE  
GUYS!

MY MUDDER ALWAYS  
SAID, WHERE THERE'S  
A WILL THERE'S A WAY!  
I KNOW HOW WE'LL DO  
IT! LISTEN!

WE'RE ALL  
EARS  
LEFT!

Later—in court—

AND HADAMBE AND  
GENTLEMEN, I WILL PROVE  
TO YOU THAT THIS ELECTRIC  
CHAIR IS TOO GOOD FOR  
THIS FEND WHO IS KNOWN  
TO THE UNDERWORLD AS  
KILLER KNUB!

HE REALLY DOESN'T LOOK  
TOO FENDISH, BUT I  
GUESS THE D.A. MUST  
KNOW WHAT HE'S  
TALKING ABOUT!





AK... YOU MAY WELL WIDEN YOUR EYES AND STRAIN FORWARD IN RAPT ATTENTION, YOUR HONOR AND MEMBERS OF THE JURY, FOR THIS MONSTER HAS MURDERED NO LESS THAN THIRTY PEOPLE!



LUNCH TIME? LET'S EAT?

BUT YOUR HONOR, I WAS JUST GOING TO TELL YOU HOW KILLER KRUE KILLED EACH OF HIS VICTIMS!



WHAT? AND SPOIL MY APPETITE FOR LUNCH? ARE YOU MAD?

HIS HONOR IS SO RIGHT! ONE SHOULDN'T LISTEN TO UPSETTING STORIES BEFORE MEALS!



WE SEE EYE TO EYE ON THAT, MY DEAR! LET'S GRAB A HERRING AND TALK ABOUT IT SOME MORE!

OH, JUDGE, I'M A SIMPLE GIRL! ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO HAVE LUNCH WITH ME?



HIX, YOUR HONOR! THERE'S A LAW AGAINST ANYONE MINGLING WITH JURY MEMBERS WHILE THERE'S ON A CASE!

DEAR! REMIND ME TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT LAW SOME-TIME!



THE MEMBERS OF THE JURY WILL FOLLOW ME TO A SUITABLE PLACE, WHERE WE WILL PARTAKE OF FOOD TOGETHER!

SOME LAWS ARE SO SOUND!



YEP! CAN YOU BEAT THAT JUDGE TRYING TO BULLY HER INTO A DATE! ANYBODY CAN SEE SHE'S DYING TO SIT WITH ME AT LUNCH!



TO  
ER  
OF

THE  
DOLL  
MAN

The restaurant kitchen.

HEY, LEFTY, HOW DOES THAT STUFF WORK?  
MAGICIAN MIKE SAYS ALL I GOTTA DO IS DROP IT IN THE FOOD! THEN, WHOEVER EATS THE FOOD BECOMES SUSCEPTIBLE TO SUGGESTION!



LEFTY, YOU KNOW I'M NO GOOD WITH BIG WORDS!

TSK! TSK! CALL THEM WORDS BIG? IT MEANS THAT WHEN THE JURORS EAT THE STUFF THEY'LL DO WHATEVER I TELL THEM TO DO!



I GET IT, LEFTY. YOU'RE GONNA TELL 'EM TO LET THE BOSS BEAT THE RAP!

YOU'RE A'BOY, DUKE! YOU CATCH ON!



THERE THEY ARE! LOOKY I REMEMBERED THAT THE JURIES ALWAYS EAT IN THIS DIVE!

LEFTY, I MUST BE SEEN' THINGS, THAT DOLL DON'T LOOK NO JUROR I SAW ON THE JURIES THAT SENT ME TO THE PEN!



IT'D BE A PLEASURE TO BE FOUND GUILTY BY A DISH LIKE THAT!

SUCH HAIR-SUCH EYES-SUCH—



FILL YOURSELVES TOGETHER, MEN! THIS IS NO TIME FOR ROMANCES BESIDES, HERE COMES THE WAITER!







NEVER MIND WHAT THEY ORDERED, STUPID! GIVE 'EM THIS!

I-YES, SIR! DON'T SHOOT!



ONE PEEP AND I'LL PLUG YOU FROM HERE!



HE'S GIVING IT TO 'EM, ALL RIGHT, LEFTY!

NOW WATCH 'EM BECOME SUSCEPTIBLE TO SUGGESTION—LIKE MAGICIAN MAKE SURE THEY WOULD!



AW—DELICIOUS!

YOU CERTAINLY ARE!



NOSBODY'S EATING BUT THE BABE!

THAT MEANS I WON'T BE ABLE TO DO A THING WITH 'EM! WE'LL HAVE TO GET ANOTHER IDEA TO SAVE THE BOSS!



IT COMES TO ME IN A FLASH! THE DOLL'S EATING, SO SHE'LL BE SUSCEPTIBLE TO SUGGESTION LIKE YOU SAID! SO WE GIVE HER A ROD AND TELL HER TO SLIP IT TO THE BOSS!

AND THE BOSS BUSTS OUT OF THAT COURT-ROOM! DUKE, YOU'RE A GENIUS!



HERE'S OUR CHANCE! SHE'S GOING TO POWDER HER NOSE!



COME IN HERE, SISTER!

OH, CERTAINLY!



WHEN YOU GET INTO THAT COURTROOM, FIND A WAY TO GET THIS TO KELLER KRUB!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE!



THAT STUFF MAGICIAN MIKE GAVE YOU IS TERRIFIC. I'LL BET SHE'D HAVE MARRIED ME IF I'D ASKED HER!



Back in the courtroom—

SOMEBODY ASKED ME TO GIVE YOU THIS!

HINT!



ORDER IN THE COURT!

I KNEW SHE COULDN'T RESIST MY CHARM! I'LL TAKE HER WITH ME!



ATTABOY, JUDGE! KEEP EVERYBODY NICE AND QUIET WHILE I GET OUT OF HERE WITH MY MONEY!

THAT'S UNCONSTITUTIONAL!

EEEEK! HELP!













# MTNTV

THE Ninabell slid along through silver seas. A bit in her teeth, her fantail swash occasionally. She was a sweet yacht, ketch rigged, and she stood to the breeze like a schooner.

Capt. Hartley Summa, her owner and skipper, stood at the wheel conversing in low tones with Dr. Roberts, renowned scientist, who had chartered the boat.

"It makes one's blood fairly sing, the thought of finding treasure, eh, sir?"

Dr. Roberts said, "Of course, there is no definite assurance that any treasure exists. I have only these maps, which seem authentic. History backs up the contention that the Yakats left treasure buried on their islands. . . . We should soon know."

Capt. Hartley Summa nodded and showed his cap back to catch the evening breeze.

"Treasure or not," he said, "it's the fun of such a cruise that intrigues me."

"I have had some thought about the crew, Captain," said Dr. Roberts. "The mention of treasure on shipboard sometimes precipitates trouble, I'm told."

Summa laughed. "Oh, yes, in the old days, I suppose. But hardly in the 20th century, Doctor. I can watch for my crew."

"Good." Dr. Roberts lit a cigar. Then his daughter, Martha, came out on deck to stand viewing the big moon with its lace of scudding cloud.

"It's beautiful," she said. "Simply gorgeous. I love sailing."

Dr. Roberts chuckled. "Well, we have a long voyage before us, Martha. Where's Darrel?"

Martha started. "Oh, he's got his nose buried in a book. Says he's working on some theory, or something. I think he's mean!"

But Dr. Roberts knew that Martha thought nothing of the sort. And he knew that Darrel Dane was actually working on something big. He was trying to perfect an electronic detector that not only showed the presence of ore at great depths in the ground, or underwater, but told you exactly what that ore was. If successful, his device would revolutionize the business of locating ores and minerals.

Darrel came out on deck after a while and grinned impishly at Martha, who turned up her nose.

"Listen, little one," said Darrel. "She's finished. Completed. My detector is done!"

Dr. Roberts leaned nearer. "Am I hearing right, Darrel?"

"Yes sir. I found the bug just a moment ago. She works perfectly. So lead me to those islands with buried loot!"

"Sshh!" said Dr. Roberts. He glanced over his shoulder.

Darrel said, "What's the—"

"Just a precaution," filled in Dr. Roberts. "I may be all wrong, but why take any chances, eh?"

"Oh, I get it," Darrel nodded.

The Algo Islands are not marked on regular maps; they are too small for one thing, and for another they are hundreds of miles off the ship lanes. They were once peopled by a fierce and warlike race called the Yakats. Who, these people were, nobody knows. They vanished centuries ago, but they left wealth in the form of gold and precious gems. This has been proved by the two or three expeditions that have found treasure on the islands.

Dr. Roberts came into possession of a map purporting to show the location of an enormous cache of gold and jewels. If they found it. . . .

"If she's there we'll find her," said Darrel in a lower voice.

We will pass up an account of the next three weeks, other than that they landed on the correct island, found the treasure, and loaded it—more than a ton—on board the Ninabell. Darrel Dane's detector proved its worth from the start, and but for it they would have had no success.

They had set up a comfortable camp on shore, where Doctor and Martha Roberts, Captain Summa, Darrel, and two members of the crew held forth. The others stayed on board the yacht. Each member of the crew had been promised a large share of the treasure.

It was a great surprise then when, one morning, they saw the yacht moving out toward the open sea. Capt. Summa yelled and shouted, as did the others. Loud laughter drifted back to them.

The crew was stranding them on the island!

Darrel Dane began peeling off his jacket, rolling up his pants legs. Said he, "I'll try to



## DOLL MAN

get 'em when they go through the channel. It'll be slow going for 'em because of the tide."

"What are you going to do, tackle them barehanded?" demanded Dr. Roberts. "You can't, boy!"

"No," exclaimed Martha. "You mustn't, Darrel."

Capt. Simms said, "They're heavily armed—or will be when they break open the armory. I wouldn't risk it, Mr. Dane."

"Wait here, everybody," said Darrel, and he was off, leaping over the island toward a fairly high point that jutted above the channel.

He made it there before the *Nimabelle* did. He crouched down and waited. The boat was making slow progress. Darrel saw that it would pass within a few feet of where he crouched. A large bush hung out over the water. He had an idea.

With an enormous effort of will he concentrated his body molecules until his figure was less than a foot tall. Now he was the invisible Doll Man, the secret self known by only two people in the world—Dr. Roberts and Martha.

The Doll Man climbed high into the bush and found a slender branch that would swing low with his pony weight. When the ship did under him, he gave the deck a glance to see that no one spotted him, then he let go and dropped.

The Doll Man bounded into a companionway and down into the hold. Each step of the companion was like dropping seven feet. With some effort, he opened the sea valve, allowing a geyser of water to spout into the hold. It would soon be discovered, but it would delay matters, all he wanted.

The Doll Man knew there were fifteen men on board—for too many for one man to tackle. It must be done by strategy, removing the ship from maintenance. The first step was his makeshift laboratory near the stern.

He donned a gas mask and picked up a cylinder of poisonous fumes. This he placed in the hold and lit it. A cloud of thick, green smoke began billowing upward. He chuckled when he thought of what would happen when it reached the deck.

Soon he heard yells and excited cries. The crew was taking hold!

The Doll Man waited in a dark corner. Someone tried to come down into the hold but was fished up by the terrible fumes.

It was time for the next move now. The Doll Man worked his way carefully up a beam where he could see the deck. The crew was huddled forward to catch what breeze there

was. They were coughing and spluttering.

The Doll Man hurled a tiny vial of liquid to the deck. It broke and a huge sheet of green, cold fire flared up. It was intensely brilliant. He jumped into the middle of it and began waving his arms and gesturing. He heard gasps of utter astonishment and fear.

"Bejabbers, an' it's one o' th' Little People!" cried Mike Grady, the big Irish engineer. "I don't like this, boys."

"Listen!" shouted the Doll Man in his elfin voice. "Turn back at once. You cannot get away with this. If you don't turn back, I'll send fire to consume you all!"

The big Irishman leaped out in front of the others. "I see, do like he tells us!" he cried. "I know the power of the Little People, I do! Turn back, boys!"

The helmsman twisted the wheel, the ship heeled, and the Doll Man knew they were heading back toward the island, although he couldn't see over the rail.

"One last word," he yelled, just before the fire went out, "you'll be forgiven for this act if you turn over the man who framed it. I have spoken!"

The Doll Man leaped into a cranny and was quickly down to the hold. He became his normal size, and when the boat passed through the channel, leaped to land.

He narrowly beat the *Nimabelle* into the cove. And it was a ship's crew that faced Capt. Simms. A crewman was shoved ahead by Mike Grady.

"Here be a, Cap'n sir. It's a spalpeen he is! I was against this mutiny, that I was, sir."

Capt. Simms looked at the little brown chap who had caused the trouble. "Your name is Larley, is it not?"

Larley nodded, keeping his eyes averted.

Capt. Simms turned to Dr. Roberts and Darrel Dane. "What do you gentlemen suggest that I do with Larley?"

Dr. Roberts cleared his throat but said nothing.

"I'd suggest," said Darrel, "that if he give his parole we turn him loose. I believe everything will go all right from here on out."

The captain nodded. "As you say."

"How did you do it?" asked Martha later.

Darrel grinned. "A little magic and green fire, child," he told her. "And then don't forget that I'm a clever mortal, on top of that!"

Martha smiled.



# The DOLL MAN

THE  
DOLL MAN  
BIOGRAPHY

Every great man has volumes written about his life! These books are called biographies, and it was inevitable that Darrel Dane, **THE DOLL MAN**, brightest mind of crime-busting, should have his death recorded. But neither Darrel nor his biographer counted upon **THE DERBY**, master mind of crime, who was determined to write the final chapter to the history of **THE DOLL MAN!**









THIS DERBY'S NEVER FAILED ME YET!



OHH!



TSK! TSK! TOO BAD I CAN'T STAY LONGER!



JUST A LITTLE BATTERED! I—UH—FELL FOR MR. DERBY'S HAT TRICK!





YOU SAVED ME A FORTUNE! THOSE CROOKS LEFT THEIR LOOT? TO HAVE BEEN RUINED IF YOU HADN'T SHOWED UP WHEN YOU DID!

WELL, I'M GLAD I ACCOMPLISHED SOMETHING!

And this wholly familiar scene leads, therefore, to a most familiar headline...

**DOLL MAN FOILS RARE BOOK ROBBERY!**



And in the home of a certain Wesley Kant—

ONE MORE TRIUMPH FOR THE DOLL MAN! IT WILL MAKE AN INTERESTING PARAGRAPH IN THE BIOGRAPHY OF HIS LIFE I'M WRITING!



THE HISTORY OF THE DOLL MAN, COMPLETE WITH ALL HIS ADVENTURES AND EVERYTHING I'VE BEEN ABLE TO LEARN ABOUT HIS PERSONALITY AND HIS METHODS!



WHAT A BOOK THIS WILL BE! IT'S WORTH THE YEARS OF EFFORT I'VE DEVOTED TO IT! THIS WILL BE MY MASTERPIECE!

Later, at a book publisher's office...



YOU'VE WRITTEN A GREAT BOOK... DRAMA, EXCITEMENT, REALISM... IT HAS EVERYTHING! IN FACT, THERE'S ONLY ONE DETAIL YOU'VE OVERLOOKED!

WHAT'S THAT?



YOU'VE FAILED TO PROVIDE AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION EVERY READER WILL ASK: WHAT IS THE REAL IDENTITY OF THE DOLL MAN?





The next day, an advertisement appears in the "personals" column of the city's newspapers...

PERSONALS

The Doll Man's biographer requests any information that may shed light on the identity of The Doll Man. Write or call Wesley Kent...





And so the Doll Man's biographer finds an interested listener





Cleopatra's barge returns on a modern movie set

LOOK SEDUCTIVE, CLAUDIA! REMEMBER, YOU'RE THE WORLD'S MOST ALLURING WOMAN!

CLEOPATRA NEVER LOOKED AS GOOD AS I DO THIS VERY MINUTE! AND YOU KNOW IT!



TEMPERAMENT! SHE'S NOT ONLY PLAYING CLEOPATRA, SHE'S ALREADY BETTER AT IT THAN CLEOPATRA WAS!



MOVE FAST, BOYS! THE GIRL WITH THE NECKLACE IS IN THAT BARGE!

WHAT'S THIS? I DIDN'T INVITE THESE VISITORS TO MY SET!



WHO SAYS WE NEED AN INVITATION?

THERE'S THE ROBERTS DAME! GRAB HER!



KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF HER!

UGHH!



A WISE GUY! THIS'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON!













# DOLL MAN



I NOTICE THAT THE DOLL MAN MET WITH AN UNEXPECTED SETBACK YESTERDAY! HE WAS ON THE SCENE WHEN CROOKS ESCAPED WITH THE COUNTERFEIT CLEOPATRA'S NECKLACE—

COUNTERFEIT?

YOU'RE CRAZY! LOUIS THE FENCE OFFERED THREE HUNDRED G'S IN COLD CASH FOR—BULP!

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE! I COUNTED ON THAT—









Moments later...

IT WORKED! THE GAS  
PIPED THROUGH THE HOT-  
AIR REGISTERS KNOCKED  
THEM OUT!

WHAT A RAIL!  
THIS WILL  
BE!

THE DOLL MAN WILL  
BE HERE SOON! I KNEW  
YOU'D WANT TO BE AROUND  
TO RECORD THE FINAL  
CHAPTER OF HIS CAREER!

HE MAY  
SURPRISE  
YOU! HE'S  
CLEVERER  
THAN YOU  
THINK!

THE MAN'S RIGHT,  
DERBY... SURPRISE!  
SURPRISE!

UHHHH!  
THE NETS!  
QUICK!

I'M  
TRAPPED!

YOU'RE NOT  
KIDDING!

THIS HAPPENED TO YOU  
ONCE BEFORE, DOLL MAN!  
I READ ALL ABOUT IT IN YOUR  
BIOGRAPHY! IT STRUCK  
ME AS A GOOD TRICK  
TO TRY AGAIN!

DO YOU KNOW  
WHAT HAPPENED  
TO THE MAN  
WHO DID IT?

THAT'S ONE MISTAKE I'M  
NOT REPEATING! I'M  
GOING TO SHOOT YOU  
RIGHT NOW, DOLL  
MAN!

I MUSTN'T  
LET HIM DO  
IT! THIS IS  
ALL MY FAULT!











ADVENTURES OF  
**POPSICLE PETE**



BY  
**"SHOW  
TIME"**



HIYA PETE—  
LET'S GO  
DOWN TO  
THE CORNER  
AND HANG  
AROUND."

AWH THAT'S NO  
FUN—I'VE GOT  
A BETTER  
IDEA! GET  
THE GANG  
TOGETHER  
AND MEET ME  
AT THE SCHOOL  
YARD."



LISTEN, GUYS—  
OUR TEACHER,  
MR. WINTERS,  
HAS A  
SHELL  
PLAN—

HELLO BOYS, HOW  
WOULD YOU LIKE  
TO BE ACTORS AND  
PUT ON A REAL  
SHOW? WE CAN  
START REHEARSALS  
RIGHT NOW."

BOY  
THAT  
SOUNDS  
GREAT!



SOME  
FUN?"

OKAY FELLOWS!  
THAT'S OUR  
LAST REHEARSAL!  
BE ON TIME TOMORROW—  
WE HAVE TWO BIG  
SHOWS TO  
DO!"



CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

GREAT!

THOSE  
SUNGLASS  
GOOD!"



GOSH PETE, DID  
YOU HEAR THAT  
APPLAUSE? YOUR  
IDEA WAS TERRIFIC!  
LET'S GET MR. WINTERS  
FOR MORE SHOWS."

YOU  
SET?  
HE'S A  
REGULAR  
GUY!"

I'VE FOUND THAT TEACHERS  
CAN BE A LOT OF FUN IF YOU  
GIVE THEM HALF A *Popsicle Pete*  
CHANGE.

**Popsicle Fudgsicle CREAMSICLE**  
and SAVE BAGS for SWEET GIFTS



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